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NO TURKEY FOR DAVID!



SONG OF THE FOOT-BALL.

SING HO! for a game to kill and maim,
To mangle and disable!
Deadlier far than the trolley car,
Or Broadway's crunching cable.
With groans and moans and broken bones,
And loud, discordant cries,
Each college thug will kick and slug
And try to gouge out eyes.
And thousands roar at the sight of gore,
When the last great game they play;
And those from the strife who escape with life
Call it Thanksgiving
Day!

Roy L. McCardell.

DANGEROUS.

JUSTICE TAMMANY. — Are you willing to swear that this policeman clubbed you?

BATTERED WRECK. — Not unless I can be assured it is my ante mortem statement.

MUCH BETTER.

MISS READER. — Is n't it lovely to be an author? It must be so nice to write something that is worth reading twice!

MR. RONDO. — H'm! It's a great deal more satisfactory to write something that is worth printing once.

ALL FIXED.

FOGGS. — Is the 9:18 train here yet?

STATION AGENT. — Twenty minutes late.

FOGGS. — Would you mind telling my wife to wait, if the train gets here before I get back?

STATION AGENT. — But how am I to know her?

FOGGS. — Ah! to be sure; I had n't thought of that. Well, tell her not to wait.



OLD RUSHER (returning from a club meeting 1 A.M.). — Guess 'r all gone to bed. Would n't want 'r meet any one when I wash sho shaky as thish.

A FOOT-BALL REFORMATION.



YOUNG RUSHER (of the Hardnocks foot-ball team). — The great match is to-morrow, and I can hardly wait for the fray. I think I will put on my suit and let Father see how I look, when he comes home. He never saw a foot-ball costume.



YOUNG RUSHER (looking out the door). — Is that you, Father?

A CLEAR DISTINCTION.

AGENT. — There are a dozen fraudulent imitations on the market, but this is the original, genuine article.

RETAILER. — How can I tell it from the rest?

AGENT. — All the others have their labels marked: "Beware of imitations."

JILTED HIM.

The maid was all the world to me
Ere I my love made known;
But then I found she seemed to be
Just like the frigid zone.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

HE. — I believe there was an accident at the church fair the other night.

SHE. — I saw nothing of it.

HE. — There was, though. A couple of fellows got away with their car-fare.

STILL KEEPING IT UP.

Meekly the Kansas politicians awaited the word of the female Demosthenes.

"Will you support your husband?" they asked; "can we count upon you?"

"Yes," she snapped, as the color came to her fallow cheeks; "have n't I always done it?"

And then the oldest among them remembered that she had taken in washing before she became a Populist lecturer.

SHE LOOKED a perfect poem

With that witching face of hers;

But, when I tried to kiss her, she

Proved not at all a verse.

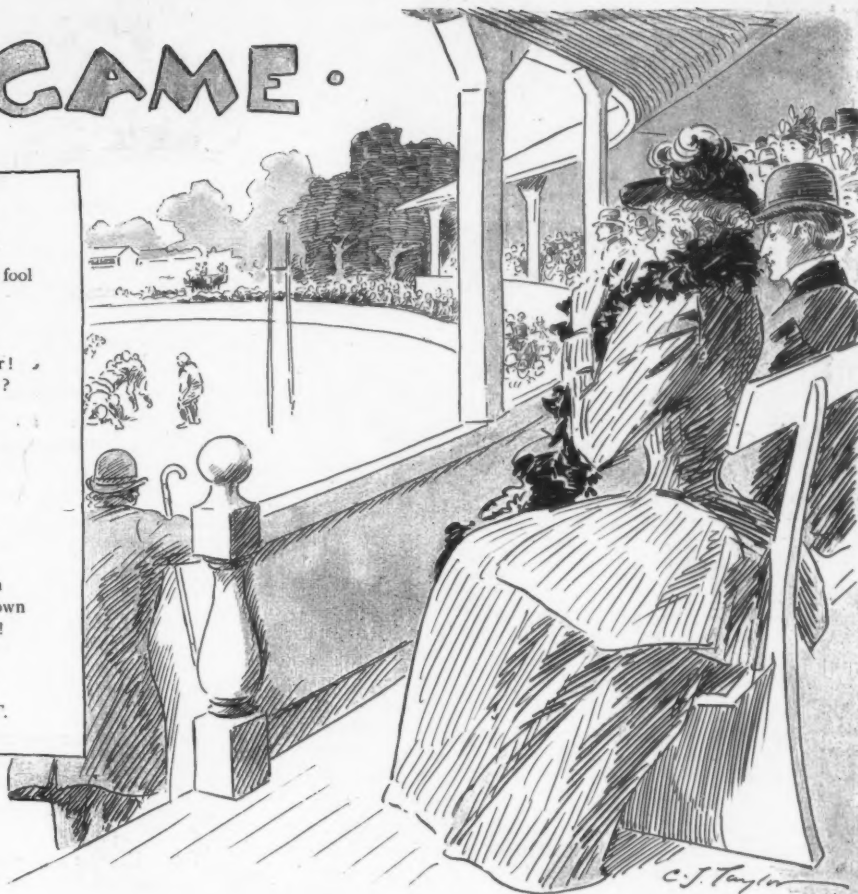


FATHER (in his own room — after his nerves have slightly settled). — By the Great Gambrinus! When a man sees such things as that in his own house, it's time to lead a new life.

AT THE GAME.

DOWN AGAIN! Good gracious! it must hurt
To be the bottom one. And, see the dirt!
Now, what is that he's calling, — can you tell?
There, — "fourteen, twelve, King's-X." Some fool
class yell,
I guess. How silly! That one's got his nose
All covered up: he sun-burns, I suppose.
I'm glad I wore your colors; they're — Oh, dear!
I missed that last. What was it? Shall I cheer?
Oh! did you see that horrid, cruel man?
The small one had the ball, and he just ran
And knocked him down, *deliberately*, the beast!
You know, I think that big one might at least
Go in and try to help. The rest all work,
And push each other down. He's just a shirk!
He'd better be done up in cotton wool.
Well, what excuse is that, to say he's *full*?
He ought to be ashamed. He must have known
He'd have to play. That poor, poor boy is thrown
Again. Oh, dear! he's hurt — just see his head!
I know I'll faint. Oh, goodness! Is he dead?
There, now, he's better. I'm so glad I came.
Oh! *is n't* foot-ball just the nicest game!

T. T.



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GREEN GOODS.



MR. GETTIT EASY, the notorious green goods king, has made a hundred thousand dollars in this nefarious business and is now living in luxury in Paris on his ill-gotten gains."

When Mr. Abner Sands, storekeeper at Barnes's Corners, read these lines in the *Farmer's Vindicator*, he started in greedy eager-

ness. "B'gosh!" was his comment; "an' me bein' fool enough to think these letters I've bin gittin' from these people was only some gol derved swindle; an' here's a feller's made a hundred thousand out of it!"

Three weeks after his return from New York, Deacon Skinner foreclosed the mortgage on the store. Success is not for all!

MR. STAYON. — No; I say, pay as you go, and if you can't pay don't go.

THE DEAR GIRL. — Would a small loan help you out, Mr. Stayon?

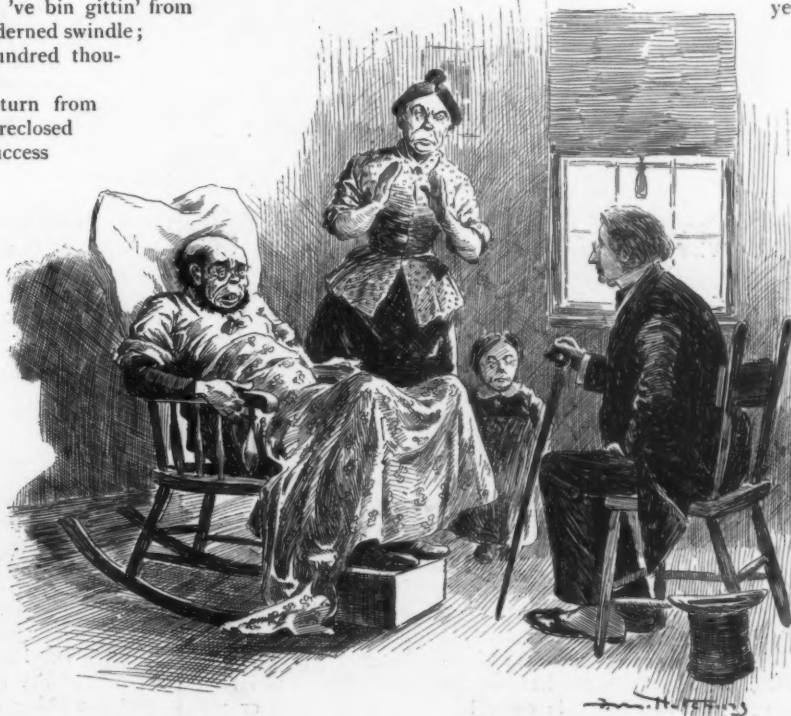
A TIGHT FIT — D. T's.

MISS FITZ. — I don't claim to be a clairvoyant, yet I have what is known as second-sight.

MISS KNOX. — You don't say? No one would take you to be old enough for that.

GIVE A man an inch in the "Personal Column" and his self-esteem will grow an ell.

WOMAN IS always pleased with the last new wrinkle, provided it is not on her own face.



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A POPULAR DISEASE.

DOCTOR. — He has some sort of a slow fever. Have you any idea where he contracted it?

MRS. DUGAN. — Slow fever, is it? 'Yis; — he's bin wor-r-rukin' in Philadelphia for th' last wake.

"WHERE THERE 'S A WILL."

MRS. WESTEND. — It's perfectly abominable! No dividends from the Reading; all our money gone, and here we are cooped up in a mean little flat in this big, noisy, dirty city of New York. I don't know a soul, and I'm half-dead with loneliness.

MR. WESTEND. — I'm sorry, my dear; but I had to move to New York to earn a living. If you can suggest any change that I can afford to make for your comfort I will do it gladly.

MRS. WESTEND. — Let me see. Why, yes, I have an idea! Let's move out of this brown-stone monstrosity into some nice little brick house with green shutters and marble steps.

Then I can imagine that I'm back in Philadelphia and very exclusive — don't know anybody because I don't want to, you know.

BILDAD. — See here, I find there is a five-thousand-dollar mortgage on the property you sold me. You never said anything about it.

PILGARLIC. — Certainly I did! Did n't I distinctly tell you it had all modern improvements?

SHE. — Oh, I love you so, and feel so grateful to you!

HE. — Grateful! — why?

SHE. — Just think! — if you had not married me, darling, I might have had to marry some one else!

THERE IS a certain kind of charity that would attach balloons to birds of the air, that they might be saved from fatigue.



BY H. C. BUNNER.

XII.

JACK'S WIFE'S POET. (Concluded.)



COURSE Jack knew very well when he went in to cut out Mr. Wilfred Hazelton that the poet had been making love to Laura for a long time, and that Laura had not certainly discouraged his addresses. In fact, Jack had to make a pretty energetic wooing to supplant his rival. Mr. Hazelton was not in the poetry business for nothing, and he knew how to make love. If he had not, to tell the truth, he would not have been in such a flourishing line of trade; for had he trusted to his imagination alone he would have written about one love-poem a year, and that would have been a short one. But by keeping himself constantly in love with one girl or another, and giving away his emotions and experiences in immortal verse, he managed to make an excellent living. If a plain, common, ordinary man of business described even the smallest sample of his private love affair, his girl would undoubtedly be mad as a hornet. But let a professional poet cut up such a breach of confidence into even lengths, and put rhymes on it, and the girl stows it away in a sachet-bag and puts it in her upper bureau-drawer, and is proud of it long after she has married somebody else, and become a grandmother. This accounts for the fact that there is so much competition in the poetry business, even when real poets are as scarce as hens' teeth. Something of this Jack knew, and he gathered more and more information on the subject as the months went by, and Mr. Hazelton went on working away to earn money to pay his hotel-keeper and his gondolier. And the more he gathered the less he liked it. It was all very well to remind himself that he had known when he first met her that Laura had a good deal of a reputation as an accomplished, all-around flirt, and that at the bottom of his heart he took a certain pride in it. He, himself, was not without experience of the sort. And, like the average sensible American, he preferred to have his wife's flirtations come before marriage, instead of after. But, all the same, it is one thing to know such truths in a general way, and another to have them set forth in the fullest detail in a public and poetic manner.

He had long ago ceased to discuss the subject with Laura, but the subject was there, and they both knew it. They loved each other, and they were very happy together, but it was always a trying time for both of them when the time for the appearance of the monthly magazines came around. And foreign travel is expensive, and Mr. Hazelton worked hard. He took a yachting cruise on the Mediterranean during the Summer, and was obliged to sell poems to the syndicates to pay for it. This caused an outburst of reminiscent poetry that very nearly broke the market down. Here are the titles of a few of the poems and stories Jack had to read, — for he could not let them alone: "Your Hand Once More in Mine, Love," "Was Ever Hair So Redly Gold?" "With Her at Sea," "One Twilight Kiss."

Jack began to think seriously of going to Venice, hiring a barge, and having it out with the poet on the Grand Canal boat, according to Marquis of Queensbury rules.

But while Jack was torturing himself with the thought that he could not fight Hazelton with three thousand miles between them, that very residence in Venice was bringing upon the head of the poet a vengeance more terrible and more lasting than any punishment which Jack could have inflicted with his strong and skillful fists. Mr. Wilfred Hazelton was a poet of sufficient notoriety to have his doings and sayings and happenings chronicled in the daily papers. One day in the early Fall Jack read that the poet had just been married at the Legation in Venice to Eudora Litchfield, a Washington heiress. Miss Litchfield, the newspaper item stated, was of New England birth and parentage, and had been, in early life, a School-mistress. Later on she had occupied an important position in the Treasury Department at Washington, where she had been in charge of a division, and had attained distinction as a rigid disciplinarian. Within a few years she had come into a handsome fortune, through the death of a distant relative, and had made her home in Washington, where she had

built an imposing mansion. She went much into society, the paper continued, and was a petite blond with an intellectual face, light-blue eyes and fair hair. Jack happened to read this at his Club, and he went at once to the library to look at the month's magazines. There was a poem by Wilfred Hazelton in the first one he took up. It began this way:

"Crowned with the faint fair halo of thy hair,
Pale as the palest gold of river sands,"

and went on to say in general poetic strain that until the writer met with that particular halo he had never loved before.

Jack was getting to be quite a judge of poetry by this time, and he made out from the rest of the poem that the lady was both brainy and bossy; also, that she was not in her first youth. Of course the poem did not say anything like this, but even a cotton-broker can learn to read between the lines of a poem, after he has had such an education as Jack's. Jack went back to the paper that contained the announcement of the marriage, and learned from it that the couple would shortly return from Europe and settle down permanently in the bride's Washington mansion.

"This is my innings," said Jack.

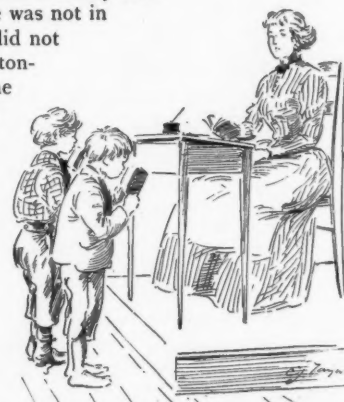
Two or three days later Jack told his wife that, if it were agreeable to her, he would like to spend the Winter in Washington. He said that he was considering the idea of going in for politics a little; and, as he had an uncle in the Presidential Cabinet, he thought it might be worth while to see how they both would like the stay of a few months in the National Capital. He could leave his business in charge of his partner, and they could take a nice house, and entertain as much as they felt inclined to. And when he added that she might have her sister to pass the Winter with her, she knew he was in earnest. Now, Mrs. Jack Thompson read the papers, too, and she knew as well as her husband did that the Hazeltons would be in Washington, and would be in their social set where frequent meeting would be unavoidable. She did not believe one little bit that Jack was going into politics; so, after a brief hesitation, she ventured to suggest that it might not be altogether pleasant to encounter the discarded poet at every turn. Jack dismissed the question with his haughtiest air, saying that it was totally indifferent to him whether he met Mr. Hazelton or not.

This was a patent and unmistakable fib, but poor Laura could say no more, and with many misgivings she made ready for her first Washington season.

Their entry into Washington society was what our French friends would call "of the most brilliant." They went everywhere and they met everybody; and it was not long before, at a great reception, Laura heard, with a secret flutter, the names of

Mr. and Mrs. Hazelton announced. She looked and saw, and Jack, looking over her shoulder, saw, too, her old adorer entering the room, with his wife by his side. She was a small woman, pale and somewhat faded, but not without pretensions to good looks. Her hair — and that was what Jack was looking at — was of the dullest, deadest light-brown, not flaxen or gold or yellow, but something of the color of the tow-head of a doll that has been left out in the rain. As soon as he saw it, Jack said to Laura:

"My dear, I want you to come and see the conservatory, before the crowd gets too great. It is said to be the finest collection of orchids in Washington." They passed through the long room together, behind the hostess, and in front of the just-arrived guests whom she was receiving,



Jack and his beautiful wife. Laura was tall; her figure was perfect. She had the carriage of a queen. And her red-gold hair was like a crown of warm light on her exquisite head.

Perhaps it happened, perhaps Jack contrived it, but the Thompsons and the Hazeltons were among the last guests at that reception. Laura had got her wraps on, and was waiting at the door of the ladies' dressing-room when her husband came for her. As they descended the stairs the other couple came up. A great pier-glass stood in an angle of the landing, half-way down, and in this Jack saw the reflection of a picture that filled his soul with unholy glee. Mrs. Hazelton had turned quite around, and was gazing, with her light-blue eyes wide open, at the beautiful head of red-gold hair upon which Laura was adjusting a dainty little Paris hat; and, after she had gazed



for a second, she turned to her husband, and her thin lips formed a query, which he answered only with a flushed and half-averted face. And then Jack saw as remarkable a sight as was ever seen in polite society. Mrs. Hazelton shut her thin lips down tight, and deliberately pinched her husband's arm until his poetic features twisted in silent agony.

The Thompson and Hazelton families saw each other frequently during that Winter. In the Spring a new book of Mr. Wilfred Hazelton's collected poems came out. It should have appeared at Christmas, but the literary notes informed a waiting world that it had been held back to enable the poet to give his work that exquisite and delicate revision which was characteristic of the thoughtful and conscientious literary artist.

Mr. Wilfred Hazelton must have worked very hard over his revision. Jack bought the book in the Spring, and found in it all the poems he had had the pleasure of reading before. These were all what he called to himself, in his unpoetic, cotton-exchange way, "hairy poems;" but, as they appeared in book-form, they dealt with every human color of hair: black, brown, gold, hazel, flaxen and gray — every hue and color except red-gold.



WITH INTEREST.

MRS. TREETOP. — Cousin says New York well repays a visit.
UNCLE TREETOP. — That's right; I was there a year ago for a day and a night, and I guess he has been with us for about ten weeks.

The next Winter Jack and his wife spent in New York, and he seemed to have forgotten all about his political aspiration. That Christmas Mr. Hazelton's annual volume of poetry appeared on time, and Jack made it one of his presents to his wife, although it dealt almost entirely with religious and metaphysical subjects; and had very little hair in it, and that of the lightest possible shade.

THE IDEAL VS. THE REAL.



THE POET (who has lately married a rich widow). — Ah, what happiness to a poetic soul can sordid wealth bring! It has enabled me to purchase this ancient Grecian marble bench, upon which I may sit, like Homer of old, in the silent twilight of these November days and pour forth my soul in a rhapsody of song.



THE POET (next morning). — Yes, by dear, have them put that beastly barble bench, somewhere out of side till dext subber whed the therbobeter is a hu'dred a'd ted id the shade.



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GOING TOO FAR.

MR. OCHENHEIMER (*angrily*).—I vill speak to der Rabbi about idt.

MRS. OCHENHEIMER.—Aboutt vot?

MR. OCHENHEIMER.—Vy, dem Cohen Brothers, der bawnbrokers, adfertisin' dere peesness right in der Synagogue!

MEANT WELL, BUT—

DRAWLEY (*despondently*).—Here, before I'm paid for my drawings, the *Upper-Ten Weekly* suspends publication!

FRIEND (*cheerfully*).—You're all right, old boy! you won't lose your money. Work like yours comes in under a mechanics' lien.



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THE PROPER FRAME OF MIND.

CITIMAN (*who is spending Thanksgiving Day with Subbubs at Lonesomehurst*).—I tell you what, Subbubs, this is just the place for a city man to spend Thanksgiving Day. I have never been more thankful in my life.

SUBBUBS.—This beautiful weather, that glorious sunset, these pastoral surroundings, and this glorious quiet, I suppose, make you feel thankful?

CITIMAN.—No; I'm thankful that I don't live here.

TRITE, BUT TRUE.

"Bah! take it away! I don't believe in these patent nostrums," said the man with the red nose and watery eyes.

"But this, sir," said the agent, as he smilingly held up a sample of the Peerless Hay Fever Remedy; "this, sir, is something not to be sneezed at."

It was one dollar a bottle; but he let him have six for five.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

MARY ANN MCGUIRE.—I don't see, Mrs. Calumet, how ever you can git on them yaller gloves of yours. I cud n't, to save me soul — (*Breaks off with a gasp*).

MRS. CALUMET (*indignantly*).—Could n't — What?

MARY ANN MCGUIRE (*placidly*).—Git on so weeny a pair — if I was to thry!

A SNEAK out of the side-door is a good deal more harmful than the drink which preceded it.

SOME FOLKS love equality so well that the success of others makes them miserable.



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AN APOLOGY.

MACADAM MIKE.—Wot's yer hurry? Tryin' to make t'ree miles an hour?

WAYSIDE WILLIE.—Got to do it! I'm gittin' so stout people have no symperthy wid me.

IN THE WRONG BOX.

MRS. BRIGGSON.—Harold, Mother called in at your office yesterday, and seeing some bronchial troches on your desk took several. To-day she is suffering dreadfully, and thinks you meant to poison her.

MR. BRIGGSON (*the architect*).—Bronchial troches! Great Scott! That was a box of samples of our little mosaic tilings for hotel and office-corridors!

FROSTS.

The snowless fields lie sere and brown,
Storm doors go up all over town;
And, touched by frosts, the chestnuts fall
In forest glade and concert hall.

R. L. M.

HARRY (*to be*).—By reading statistics, I have become convinced that two people can live as cheaply as one.

JACK (*having been*).—No doubt; but after making a few statistics you'll change your mind.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE BARBARISM
OF "PROTECTION."

THE TARIFF ISSUE is clouded in the minds of many worthy people, because the orator or writer too often strikes at its branches rather than at its root. He is always wanting people to "take steel rails f. o. b. at the mills," or to "take the wool in that coat you are wearing;" and after these modest requests have been complied with, he becomes a fountain of brain-rending statistics which, he insists, conclusively prove him to be right. More than likely his listeners accept his deductions. They naturally have a profound respect for any one who can deduce anything from so incoherent a mass of figures. And sometimes they vote his way, and as many other times they don't. It is essential to Democratic success that these people learn a few of the basic truths about Protection.

If we were about to start a political kindergarten we should want no better first lesson than is contained in an editorial in the *Argonaut* of November 5th. General Lew Wallace was interviewed in San Francisco, and talked, among other things, about the war between Japan and China. He said, in effect: If Japan whips China, China will of course adopt modern ideas. It will become a nation of manufacturers. With the latest improved machinery, its vast population and labor "at five to ten cents a day," it will flood our markets with cheap goods. "Can we in this country meet a wage of ten cents a day?" General Wallace asks. "Can even crowded Europe with her pauper labor meet such a wage?" The *Argonaut*, fearing that "the careless reader will pass these pregnant sentences by," goes on to point out the awful inroads that civilization has already made in Japan. "Japan," it says, "exports matches and soap; it manufactures clothes, felt hats and knitted goods; they have glass works, breweries, brick yards, tanneries and rope walks." Although this awful state of affairs has existed for ten years, the western world is still earning its board and clothes because Japan happens to be small. If China becomes civilized, too, the *Argonaut* says, "it will cause a convulsion in the markets of the world."

There, dear reader, is the A B C of Protection. You can learn more from it than you could from all the statistics ever printed. You may note, for instance, the one great error upon which all Protection is built: scarcity and dearness mean wealth; abundance and cheapness mean poverty. When you must work two weeks to buy a suit of clothes, you are much better off than if you could earn the same suit in one week. If you could earn it in a day, your lot would be miserable, indeed. How much longer Republican editors are going to have the nerve to print such twaddle, we do not know; but the time is surely close at hand when no man, mentally fit to be at large, will believe it. Get the proposition squarely into your head, and then dress it up in a variety of ways that will certainly occur to you. Start fairly with the plain Republican version: If China or any other country can sell us goods for next to nothing, it would be suicidal for us to buy them; therefore, if all the articles we now manufacture grew rank on trees, it would be wise to kill off those trees, and to continue the laborious process of manufacture. If we discover natural-gas wells sufficient to supply the country with gas, plug them all up, for gas would become cheap. If Californians discover in their state an inexhaustible supply of natural ice, convenient to market, forbid its use and let them continue to manufacture their ice. In shopping, patronize the merchant whose prices are highest, — cheapness is a menace. And, finally, since machinery has woefully cheapened the necessities and luxuries of life, destroy and forbid the future manufacture of every species of labor-saving machine, from the loom to the locomotive. To speak the plain truth, it is humiliating to reflect that there are sane people in the world to-day whose natures still contain this streak of barbarism. The term is not too strong. What is more barbarous than the conception of the *Argonaut* that in a well-ordered world only a part of the people can be progressive and civilized, while the rest must remain barbarians? Surely no Christian can be a protectionist. The *Argonaut* contends, remember, that as soon as

China catches up with modern civilization, the western world is doomed, that is, if the wicked Democrats should rule. Mr. Reed of Maine took the same position a few months ago. In a speech to his New England admirers he declared that if Free Trade should triumph, the "omnivorous West" would do all the manufacturing for New England. He looks upon the western part of the United States as the *Argonaut* looks upon China, — as a section that must be kept barren and unenlightened for the benefit of the producing East. And note the hideous logic of this sentence, — one of the sentences that the *Argonaut* calls "pregnant." "We talk of overproduction now; what will it be with China as a great producer instead of a great market?" Here it is ingenuously intimated that China has year after year bought our manufactured goods and paid for them with money that fell from heaven, or appeared in some other unnatural way. Is it not plain that no nation can be a market that is not first a producer, and that its capacity as a market always must be determined by its capacity as a producer, since a nation can buy no more than it has money to pay for?

But even if the protectionists were not wrong, even if it were wise to pay as much as you may for a thing and foolish to buy it as cheaply as you can, the supposition that China will ever become a dangerous competitor as a manufacturing nation would still be unwarranted. The same frightened cry went up from England when India first learned to use machine power; yet, after thirty years, India with its pauper labor is making only the coarsest kind of cloth and very little of that, while the Indian market for the finer cloths of England has been greatly extended. General Lew Wallace ought to be more reticent about these matters until he obtains some fresher data. The editor of the *Argonaut* ought to take a good quiet think and get ashamed of himself for trying to scare his readers needlessly. And the intelligent voter ought to decide whether it is wiser to buy his goods as dearly as he can or to patronize merchants like Mr. Wanamaker, who advertise "Enormous Reductions on Account of the New Tariff."

Notice.

AS WE told you last week, our next number will be the *Christmas Puck*. It will be out December 3d, and it will be sold out very soon thereafter, because it will be the most attractive *Christmas number* ever put on the market. For this reason secure your copy promptly, or you may get left. The *Christmas Puck* has 48 pages, and it costs 25 cents. If your newsdealer has sold all his copies, send the price to the Publishers of PUCK, New York City, and receive a copy by mail. As a *Christmas remembrance* it will give your best friend more pleasure than an eighteen-dollar centre table.



STRUCK THE KEY-NOTE.

MR. D'BOARD. — I am thankful that most people are better off than I am to-day.

MR. RUSHINGTON. — Well, I am thankful that I am not living without hope!

MISS GUSH. — And I, that I usually eat my Thanksgiving dinner at the DeStyless.

MR. GREATHEAD. — And I am thankful that this Thanksgiving finds me in the best boarding-house in this country.

LANDLADY. — Pass your plate, Mr. Greathead, and allow me to help you to another piece of turkey.



UNCLE RASTUS is thankful that he secured his turkey without getting into trouble.



MR. BURNUPSKY is glad that, despite the hard times, he has had two failures and three fires.



POLICEMAN O'ROURKE is filled with comfort at the thought that, at the rate justice is overtaking his superior officers, he will soon be in line for high promotion.



REGGY DUDELEIGH, CHOLLY LITTLENECK and WILLY LIGHTWAYTE are joyful over the fact that, even if tennis and polo are out of vogue, a new game has been imported that allows the wearing of clothes more British than ever.



And UNCLE SAM is heartily thankful reform is on the march, and he gets his P



MR. SUBBUBS is grateful that, although the taxes are raised, the roof leaks, the furnace won't work, and the servant has left, his wife's mother is spending Thanksgiving with another married daughter.



WEARY WALKER is full of thankfulness that at this time pie, cake and turkey are to be had for the asking.



He is so grateful that business is improving, he gets his PUCK regularly every week.



SING HI, HOP LEE & Co. are happy because, although the Japs are conquering the Chinese in war, they are not interfering with the laundry business in his country.



HAROLD HALFBACK is deeply thankful that his injuries this year, so far, will not prevent him from taking part in the great Thanksgiving foot-ball game.



HAPPY DREAMS.

MRS. ROSENTHAL (*shaking husband*).—Isaac! Isaac! wake up! vot you laugh so loudt in your sleep for?

MR. ROSENTHAL (*awakening*).—Oh, vot you vake me for, Repecca? I schoost hadt der most bleasant dream.

MRS. ROSENTHAL.—Dot you foundt a pag of diamonds?

MR. ROSENTHAL (*in blissful remembrance*).—No; I t'ought mein str.ze vos burnin' down.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.



WHEN the chill winds of Autumn send the russet leaves hurtling along the murky sod, and the skies take on the sober tint of heliotrope peculiar to a German sausage, the chrysanthemum bursts into so luxuriant a bloom that it looks as if it would show to greater advantage if it had its hair parted in the middle. To him that has a glass eye for the beautiful, and is ignorant of the subtle attractions of botany, the chrysanthemum will ever be considered a dude cabbage—a member of that branch of the family which, instead of being foliated, develops gayly into ready-made coldslaw. The utilitarian possibilities of the chrysanthemum are varied, and it is not going without the pale of romance to argue that in the hands of an intelligent housewife, it might be successfully utilized as a cleanser and enameller of lamp-chimneys. Though regarded only in the light of soulful beauty by poets and foot-ball players, it still has wider limitations in the world of pure prose. It would, perhaps, be regarded as heresy to consider it in the dim religious light of food. But as food and flowers are frequently associated, as, for instance, when violets are placed on the table, and the still, unheaving bosom of the pendulous turkey is gayly punctuated with a rose, we can not regard as foolish or unreasonable the hypothesis that the chrysanthemum would improve the flavor of milk. Therefore we think it might be successfully used with such gay and festive fauna as cows and goats. If they should once acquire a taste for this flower, it is not unlikely that they would seek it as the bee seeks the homely, freckled, red-headed tiger.

lily, and the dairy would become a pavilion of milk and honey, minus the comb, or, for that matter, the brush. Its relationship to the foot-ball is so close and cordial that we can not help associating them in our mind, as we associate point lace with diamonds, and corned beef with perennial cabbage. A game of foot-ball without the chrysanthemum smiling attendance upon it would be about as uniformly interesting as an Italian opera rendered in French by a German company for the entertainment of a Paw-Paw audience.

This relationship is one that defies explanation, and must be the result of an esoteric sympathy that is not understood, and therefore not appreciated any more than that which exists between the game of cricket and the high hat. And this being the case, why would it not be a wise and timely suggestion to the managers of the forthcoming chrysanthemum show to have a game of foot-ball in Madison Square Garden every afternoon of its short but lovely existence? It would certainly add to the charms of the occasion, and stimulate the players to superior effort in the direction of breaking one another's bones and keeping the ambulance busy. O Chrysanthemum! This is thy fleeting season; thou gladdest November with thine opulence of gorgeous color, even as the violet gladdest April with a prescience of May wine. Blue as the bluest Tuscan sky, red as the dreamy glamor of Neaera's hair, white as the vision of a white dove on a white rose tree, yellow as the saffron tunic of a sugar-cured ham, thou art November's smiling bride; and may his kisses descend upon thee as gently as the popped wreath of chaste and peaceful sleep descends from the wing of balmy star-freckled night, and soothes to pleasant dreams as bright and sweet as its brightest, sweetest flowers, the tired and weary soul of the policeman abroad on active duty.

R. K. Munkittrick.

RULING PASSION IN DEATH.

MRS. COODOVE.—Did you know that old Fustian, the dry goods merchant, is dying by inches?

MR. COODOVE.—Is that so? Well, he won't last long. He always gave short measure.

THE VITAL POINT.

KITTY.—What do you suppose her age is?

TOM.—I don't know. But a woman's age does n't matter so much as how long she has been that age.



IMPERTINENCE ANSWERED.

MRS. BRADY (*purchasing her first ticket*).—Gev' me a ticket ter Paterson.

AGENT (*pleasantly*).—Excursion?

MRS. BRADY (*indignantly*).—It's none av yez business whither it's an excursion or a picnic, or phat it's fer; jist gimme th' ticket.



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MAUD.—Why not?
ETHEL.—Because, he is n't the least bit fascinating.

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AT THE LINKS.

(As it soon will be.)

FAIR COUSIN. — Why, Jack! There's Charley Noodle; I did n't know he played golf.

JACK. — He does n't; he just carries the sticks around; his man plays all his strokes for him. — *Harvard Lampoon.*

THE average man knows just enough about whist to be abused by his partner when he gets into a game. — *Atchison Globe.*

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NEW BOARDER. — No fish this morning? I'm very fond of fish.

WAITER GIRL. — Try some of the butter, sir; that has a sort of fishy taste.

—*N. Y. Weekly.*

SINCE it takes trouble to perfect character, every one should marry as early as possible. — *Atchison Globe.*

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Most people eat as if they were fattening themselves for the market. — *Atchison Globe.*

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"YES, it's a hard world," sighed the balloonist, as he struck the fair grounds with a sickening thud. — *Yale Record.*

Baby cried,
Mother sighed,
Doctor prescribed: Castor! !

IN LARGER QUARTERS.

C. H. Guild & Co., the Advertising Agents, have moved from the Herald Building to No. 252 Washington Street. This change was made necessary by their largely increasing business. The new office has been fitted up with electric lights, and all possible accommodations. Already Mr. Guild has found it necessary to add three new men to his staff. The Guild Agency has been successful from the start, and now numbers among its patrons several of the large advertisers of the country. Their business is ably conducted, and the agency enjoys an excellent reputation with its patrons and the newspapers. This enterprising agency makes a specialty of illustrated papers, and furnishes estimates free of charge. — *Boston Record*, Nov. 8.

AND now the busy office man
Will find one duty more;
Whene'er 't is cold he'll have to yell,
"Come back and close the door!"
— *Inter Ocean.*

MRS. BACON. — As I came up the street I saw the policeman on this beat with his arm around a lamp-post.

THE COOK. — Yes, Ma'am; that's a way he has when he's thinking of me, Ma'am. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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—*N. Y. Weekly.*

It's the sensible girl who in a hunt for a man keeps her powder dry. — *Adams Freeman.*

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FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Avenue!
O way of happy feet!
What has the world to match with you
For a gay and gracious street?
I might wander through half of the weary world
On highways old and new,
And keep unsought a longing thought
Of fair Fifth Avenue.

There all who know not sordid care—
A happy folk indeed!
They dwell behind your frontage fair
And give the world no heed.
They throng your shops the livelong day,
Nor run their millions through—
But I can walk as well as they
Upon Fifth Avenue.

With empty pockets I may go
The long parade to see,
When all the town goes out on show
In its brightest oravery.
For me the bright procession files
Attired in Fashion new—
For me the life that shines and smiles
Upon Fifth Avenue.

Fifth Avenue, Fifth Avenue!
Such women and such men
As walk your way, I swear to you,
The world shows not again.
In Spring, when bells of Easter chime,
And skies are young and blue,
Or in frost and rime of Christmas time,
What's like Fifth Avenue?

H. C. Bunner.

"And give the world no heed."

